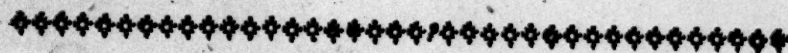


16 Feb 1794 Purchased at Chapman's Sale



B R I B E R Y

A

S A T I R E.



[Price One Shilling.]

BRITISH

BRITISH

STATUE

THE ONE SHILLING

9

B R I B E R Y K

A

S A T I R E.

Definit in Piscem Mulier formosa superne.

HOR.

Could we forbear Dispute, and practise Love,

We should agree as Angels do above.

Where Love presides —————

WALLER.

With steady Helm an equal Course support,

'Twixt Faction's Rocks, and Quicksands of a Court.

WHITEHEAD.

L O N D O N :

Printed for FRANCIS CHANGUION, at *Juvenal's-Head*, in the
Strand; and sold by M. COOPER, at the *Globe*, in *Pater-*
noster Row.

M.DCC.L.

B R I B E R Y

A

S A T I R E

Written in Prison during the late
War.

Could the former Prisoner, and present
Slave, be made to see the

W. H. and other of the late

War, and the present

W. H.

W. H. and other of the late

W. H. and other of the late

L O N D O N

Printed for Francis and John, at the
Globe, in Pall Mall; and sold by M. Cooper,
at the Globe, in Pall Mall.



B R I B E R Y

A

S A T I R E.

*Quid rides? mutato nomine, de te
Fábula narratur.*

HOR.

bursting still, on BRIB'RY to declaim!
WHAT! ~~THEIR~~ *Declamations*
And your sad ~~DISSENT~~ still the same!

Brib'ry again the fatal Sound! portending
Tempestuous thund'ring Puffs? Is there no Ending?

They

(6)

They tell me *No* : They say, There can be none :

We can't be silent when we are undone !

The C--rt buys Candidates ---- and Voters too !

All is a Trade ! ---- God knows, it may be true :

In trading Nations all is, *Sell or Buy* :

The C--rt can't help it, and no more can I :

But They, good Sirs, who thus were sold or bought,

Behave at least as prudent People ought ;

Modestly wise and good, their Peace they hold ;

At Brib'ry's Pow'r they never sneer, nor scold ;

Nor Madmen-like cry out to spoil the Trade ;

~~What~~ among you, a Bedlam-~~House~~ is made,

Whose Case, perhaps, when fashio~~n~~ to the Ground,

If muddy Theirs, still muddier will be found.

Whatever Party may our Favour share,

Free People sure, Free People as we are,

Will

Will by no Means, like Slaves, be at command,
Gratis to favour whom they may withstand.

Nothing for Nothing here : The People's Voice !

The Voice of God ! in which our Souls rejoice :

And, truly, Reason bids, It must be so :

" Why *should* for nought our Votes or Int'rest go ?

" Why *should* our Trade, decaying ev'ry Way,

" By cutting off *this* Branch, still more decay ?

" 'Tis in our Blood --- of all to make the best :

" And so, why not of Votes and Interest ? "

Now, Friends, for Freedom's Sake, pray let me see,

How all this can with *Brib'ry* disagree ?

Well, see it then, a subtle Casuist says :

To make the best OF ALL, is no Disgrace ?

OF VOTES then, too, 'tis none : Who can gainsay,

So, lawful Profits be our only Pay ?

For

*For while there is no Money giv'n ; no Land ;
 No Place ; no Word of Honour under-Hand ;
 Nor Bills, nor Notes, nor Bonds ; nor solemn Treats ;
 Nor Plate, nor Toys ; nor Orders full of Threats ;
 Tho' usual Hopes or Fears and friendly Ties,
 Should make our Conscience softly shut her Eyes ;
 Who are the Fools who This will Bribery call ?
 Sure, it is none ; Or 'tis the Crime of All.*

*God bless Distinction-Mongers, and their Skill !
 They'll bocus-pocus good, what's e'er so ill.
 Co-rtiers, I hope, skill'd too themselves to flatter,
 Work also any Thing into No-Matter.
 They'll take at-least the Townly Hint ; and know,
 How Co-rtly Bribe to No-Bribe too may grow,
 If getting in with such or such a Show.*

Thus,

Thus, in his Way, another Doctor thinks,
 The *Fee's No-Fee* ; if he but smiles and winks,
 And turns his Face, or talks of Winds and Tides,
 While, shaking Hands, he feels how Money slides,
 From the sick Palm of his dear feav'rish Friend,
 Into his own, before he makes an End,
 And takes his Leave, with a most kind *Adieu*,
 In haste to go and see how Neighbours do,
 Who also are his *Friends* --- and *Chapmen* too.

Thus the sly Wench, who, in her Master's Looks,
 Can read his Wishes, though she reads no Books ;
 And taught by Nature all the little Arts,
 Without vain Talk to wheedle willing Hearts ;
 Dumbshews with Him : smiles downward at a Jest ;
 Lets loosely puff-and-blow her wanton Breast ;

With

With blushing Cheek, lets Eye and Sigh speak Love;
 And makes her Voice, the Cooing of a Dove ---
 Soft Squeezings Hand-in-Hand --- are follow'd soon
 With glowing Kisses --- 'nough to make her swoon!
 Poor Soul! how *Love* her *Modesty* betrays!
 " Lord! Sir, what have ye done! Pray, cease ---
 " Be easy, Child: I'll give ye --- O! don't *speak*
 " O' giving! *Love alone* --- made me so weak!
 " For all the Jew'ls of Miss CONSTANTIA
 " I'd e'en to Dukes ha'e been a PAMELA!"
 How sweet a Chat! without one fingle Hint
 Of yellow Fancies leering upon Mint!
 How little Thoughts of a new Pair of Stays,
 Of Mobs and Shifts, of Shoes and Bits of Lace!
 How pure a Love! how honest and how plain!
 But let, for Sport, the lovely happy Swain,

Crown'd

Crown'd with the Blessings of his gen'rous Lads,
One only Month without a Present pass ;

" A Villain now ! A Cheat, a Scoundrel He !

" For Bridewell fit, and fit for Tyburn-Tree !"

Why, is the Wench, or Doctor, to be blam'd ?

Nay, if you will, I'd have their Praise proclaim'd :

They act their Parts, and keep in Character :

But should I ever see, both him and her,

With a bold Face and home-spun coarse Address,

Set up to preach Disinterestedness,

And all the Co-rtly Quacks or Strumpets lash,

Who vending Drugs or Favours mind their Cash ;

Must I praise *still* the Doctor and the Wench,

And find a Civet-Cat in *arrant* Stench ?

Don't hum-and-haw ! — Whate'er your Tongue decrees,

Your Nose will say, This smells no Ambergreece.

Flashes

Flashes all This! cries out one of the Tribe:

Could e'er our honest Souls submit to Bribe,

Why should we thus, from Co-rtly Bribe remote,

For the good Cause so strangely bent to vote,

So foolishly the better Chance postpone;

And, with the worst, from far revere the Throne?

What Modesty can so our Sense bewitch?

Why are we not All Co-rtiers, and All rich?

To tell the *Whys* of all, too hard a Task:

But in my Turn, wise People! let me ask:

Why is the World so various in the Whole,

That all the Nails meet not in one same Hole?

That all the Dancers cannot lead the Dance,

ev'ry Quack like Misalbinus prance?

Nor ~~the whole of the Peerage take a Pride?~~

That all the Strumpets can't in Chariots ride,

Nor all the Fools in Peerage take a Pride?

Nor

Not all the Knaves (were each of them a Witch)
 Just as they please, be Co-rtiers and be rich ?
 I own, *you never sold your Souls at Co-rt....*
 She could, perhaps, not well defray the Sport :
 Or did not know, or want ye. — Yet who knows ?
 Your Chance, perhaps, this Minute, better grows ?
 From the right Cause, I own, you'll never swerve,
 Much less be brib'd a wicked Cause to serve :
 Yet still, who knows ? Some hopeful shining Light
 May make you see, the wicked Cause is right :
 Nay Conscience may, for ought I can devise,
 Inlighten you to make you see, How wise,
 How meet to keep us from some greater Harm,
 It is, to have that wicked Counter-Charms :
 How meet, a civil Co-rtly Counter-Poise,
 'Gainst Freedom's nat'ral Bent to mobbish Noise ;

Noise

Noise and Destruction, if not over-weigh'd ;
 Or not, by Wisdom's wholesom Arts, allay'd ;
 By Wisdom's Arts loose Multitude to sway,
 And save 'em from their own confounded Way.
 So that, in spite of all your maddish Pranks,
 'Tis plain you may, and may with hearty Thanks,
 On either Side be brib'd for common Weal,
 And where 'tis Profit, let the Co-rt prevail.
 What now, if Co-rtiers once for you should bid,
 Fairer than ever Party-Bidders did ?
 Who surely pay'd you (one Way or an other)
 Beneath your Worth, beneath your thankful Pother.
 Nay even They, perhaps, will raise your Price,
 So but their Conscience grow not over-nice ;
 While all your Crying honest Bribers down,
 Plum, from the Co-rt, rebounds upon the Town.

What

What then d'ye mean, ye silly desp'rate Cryers ?

You stand to Sale, and yet you damn the Buyers !

Perchance you think : *If puzzled by our Riot,*
The Co-rt will pay us more, to keep us quiet,
Thⁿ else She would. Well think so. And why not ?
Of our best Champions was it ne'er the Lot ?
Liv'd none of them to see his Merits crown'd,
And on abounding Sin Grace o'erabound ? Rom. v. 20.

Well hope for such a gracious Lot, and dare !

If you can smell no Rat in this Affair.

What's that ? d'ye say ? Disgrace, perhaps, and Curses ?

Trifles ! so Money come to swell our Purses,

And Titles make our Names for Riches fam'd

Well said, my Boys ! I like to see thus tam'd,

By this brave Spirit of judicious Trade,

That proud and vain Thing, HONOUR ! which God made—

For

For Frenchmen only, or at best for Lords,
And Fops with Strings, or large Cockades and Swords;
What's then the Rat you're smelling? damn the Rats!
Devils they are, if Matches for our Cats,
Why (if I must unloose that knotty Clew)
Grand-Lots, in this Grand-Lott'ry, are but few!
Nor to be drawn at ev'ry Hour or Day!
And might your Chances, ^{as} ~~was~~ some others may,
In printed Tickets near th' Exchange appear,
Or from th' Exchange to Leadenball repair;
Stock-Jobbers, Butchers, nay your best Patrons,
E'en Clubs combin'd to favour your Lampoons,
'Tis ten to one, would all smile at the Sight,
Then shake their Heads, and next --- with you good
Night
Good Tradefmen, sure, to Fortune bred and born,
With due Contempt, so poor a Trade will scorn.

My

My plain Opinion then, if still you must
 'Gainst Co--rt and Brib'ry raise a scand'lous Dust,
 Is that you should, *with all your Heart and Soul,*
 Forbid your Eyes on Co--rt-Rewards to roll ;
Trustily coxe OLD ENGLAND in her Taste ;
 For *Her* in Truth, your Lungs and Paper waste ;
 Be pleas'd with what small Profits She'll allow ye ;
 Nor deem the meanest Thing with Her, below ye ;
 Be hot or cold, just as her Orders tell ;
 And do her Errands, were't to go --- to Hell.
 I love th' Old-Woman too, for all I joke :
 'Tis Foolishness her Humour to provoke :
 And after all ; If pushing you still on,
 By her own Doings She's at last undone ;
 Tho' some then would *bemoan* her, others *scoff*,
 What's that to you ? If pay'd, you are well off.

BUT I AM NOT! Don't you mistake my Laughter!
 No! when I view, how She may fall hereafter,
 (God sees my Heart!) with Grief my Heart is spent:
 On *Jest* no more the shrinking Vein is bent:
 My Spirits droop — The only Stings of Pain
 Keep Life within, and stimulate the Vein.
 Ev'n *Indignation's* virtuous Walms relent
 While all my Senses *Pity* keeps intent:
 Not *Pity* false, sarcastick Twin of *Jest*,
 But *Pity* born, within a tender Breast,
 From PAIN *for others felt*, and *feeling* LOVE:
 From Love, the Glory of the Seats above:
 There tying All, in one how lovely Chain!
 There reigning, and — how wishing, *here* to reign!
 O! That on Earth he could the Sway retrieve!
 O! That we would the Heav'nly Bliss receive!

By

By Love subdued, contentious Strife subdued!
And the worst Tyrant, worst of Bribers too,
The worst of Foes, that Foe within, defeat;
That dreadful Charmer, raging with Deceit,
Foul SELFISHNESS; with finer Names disguis'd,
By Most ador'd, and yet by All despis'd!
A Whore, with Silk and Lace no less a Whore,
Which All despise, and yet which Most adore!

O! That we *might* — O! That we *would* but see,
What Monster of an Union *there* must be,
Where selfish Parts, of social Spirit void;
In nought, without some selfish Aim, imploy'd;
In nought conspire, but *railing at-a-venture!*
Where Hands will be the Head; Each Point, the Center;
Each Star, a wilful Comet gone astray,
And spreading Horror in his wondrous Way!

Or

*Or where, if Friendship seems the Wolves to tame,
'Tis Club and Plot usurping Friendship's Name!*

*O! That we once our bias'd Minds would bend,
The Woes of other Nations to attend,
The standing direful Proofs! of Fate's Decree:
They shall be Slaves, who can't be wisely free:
Freedom run-mad to ANARCHY shall fall,
And in the Chaos not to loose her All,
To BOUNDLESS POW'R for poor Protection fly,
Doom'd by herself in shameful Chains to die!*

*WE'RE FREE, WE'RE FREE! This is th'enchanted Song,
To keep us bold in jarring right-or-wrong! ---
And ~~This is~~ *Song of Wisdom* --- All confess:
But THIS, alas! vain FOLLY'S Song no less!
THIS what the worthiest Britons, Day and Night,
In their blest Mansions sing with sweet Delight:*

And

And **THIS** what Fools are singing with the Crowd :

This what by Traytors will be sung most loud :

This what some rambling Hectors, proudly stout,

In Streets and Markets, louder still cry out :

This what the Lion in the Defart roars :

In Forests *This*, the Gruntling of Wild-Boars :

This, in some Hole, the Cricket's tiresome Cry :

This, in the Air, the Buzzing of the Fly :

This, among us, by whom most buzz'd or roar'd ?

By *Beasts unclean*, that *Romish* Fens afford :

By busy Dunces, any-how great Strugglers :

By progging Traders---Highwaymen---and Smugglers :

Or by some Bastard-Race of Refugees,

Who, with the hoarse and stupid Voice of Geese,

Out-do right English Sots --- the Sots to please.

Are

Are Those, BRITANNIA ! are then Those thy Sons !
 Are Those thy purest Blood ! thine Onely Ones !
 Shall none be worthy of thy glorious Name,
 But such as clog it with Reproach and Shame ?
 Are *They* thy Children, who thy Bowels rend,
 And by sad Means prepare a sadder End ?
 An End of all thy precious LIBERTY !
 An End of all thy dearer PROPERTY !
 An End of all the GLORY --- still half THINE :
 Which makes THEE still, Sun-like, the Stars out-shine :
 Bright still : but (Heaven knows) how brighter far,
 Without the Clouds of hellish standing-Jar !
 How brighter ! if our Annals once could say :
The Time was come, our Passions to allay :
Soft then, and pure, our Bliss began to flow :
And what, till then, to FURY we would owe,

Whatever

(23)

*Whatever Bliss She had indeed procur'd,
By LOVE it was improv'd : By LOVE, secur'd :
By LOVE transmitted to a LOVING Race,
The Crown of British Glory ever more to grace !*

C...r D. M...y.

F I N I S.



(23)

Whichever Bill she had inked previously
By Love it was improved : By Love, Jan. 18
By Love transmitted to 86 YL 22 Race
The Crown of British Glory ever more to grace

C. . . . D. . . .

